

six days of gold and silver all in a line bright and busy and full of color and life and heart and soul as I have seen on our decks. Good-by, I go to where skies no go down to sea.

Cost of the Steamship Trip.

But to be coldy practical, as I promised the beginning of these letters, I mention that we were exactly six days from Seattle to this end of navigation, had a little here and there for the tide, wait a little through the straits, for in places the tide is too strong to stem safely. The cost is just about \$50. You can make it less, but you won't. If in the cabin and you are cold at hand you will far more likely make it more. But if you leave off cigars and all sorts of drinks, as I have, you can do very well on \$50 for the six days, and as like a lord, for the table is splendid; we're beat by any table on land. Soup, fish, fowl, all sorts of game.

I have been, or will have been, just two weeks on the trip from San Francisco to this point to-morrow. But the fault is three days were wasted in missing a steamer. I could have been, and should have been, only ten days en route. Still, one can't always make connections in this "North country," try as he might, for all things are new, and do not quite work like a clock as yet. Ten days and \$50 is the cheapest in time or money that the trip from San Francisco to the foot of the mountains can be made. But take a first-class ticket and spend \$100 and two weeks' time and you will be, and feel, all the better for it, as you shoulder your pack for the pass. You can't put the extra dollars and the extra days to better advantage anywhere this side your final camp if you have them.

Look Out for the "Continuer."

It is nearly 700 miles to the next post office. The time is said to be almost six weeks. We will do the best we can to send letters back as we go forward. I say "we," because I have about found a "continuer." If it crystallizes and takes solid form as we go forward, you shall hear more about it. I came to make the trip alone all the way, but, of course, I am not hunting for either hardships or isolation. As I said at the outset, if better things than a pack on my back up the steep slopes and a little raft down the river alone present themselves, I shall gladly accept them. I have been alone this far; but it is all easy enough on the cars or ship, however, but when one man alone has to build the camp fires, cut the wood, cook, wait on the table and be bell boy, elevator boy, night clerk and day clerk, and even chambermaid, all in one, it may be a bit lonesome; not only that, but it is "taxation without representation." I merely wanted to show that it

big-hearted, too, and good-natured—joking pleasantly, laughing at almost anything. A girl, almost eighteen, is leaning over the rail and tears are falling fast. She is all alone. She shipped in the steamer, but the good stewardess interceded for her with the captain, and she is on the cabin. She has no money to go back; she has not even so much as a change of clothes; she insists that she must and will go forward. She is pitted, that, for want of sense and money, started on this trip. But these things happen in all such times, and I envy the driftwood on the sudden surge and flood. We pity them, but we must pass on—press forward over the hills in this wild battle charge.

One hundred miles more and we will stand with our faces to the ice-built Alps, each man in some sort, Napoleon. And each is glad, proud of the task, the opportunity before him. There is no exultation now, no loud laughter that speaks the vastness of the mind. But there is, and has been from the start at Seattle, a firm, quiet, large resolute, constant and strong resolution on each face, steamer or cabin, that is good to see.

I have suffered with these Argonauts this last one of the two thousand miles from San Francisco, will be a pleasant memory; and not one of this three or four hundred miles will exist in any good office for the others; a sort of free masonry exists among us, and will be with us to the end. I for one will never forget the trip or this voyage whatever happens.

Farewell from Seattle.
It is Sunday morning in Seattle—God's own sunniest Sunday morning. The steamer was cast off at 9, but as early as 8 the sea wall was a state of faces. At 9 people poured down the streets in torrents; on every building, out of every window human faces beamed, and handkerchiefs and cheering voices rang out. Old men, old women, little children, to keep from the rush and push of the crowds on the streets and in the roads, hung from porches, doorways and even hung from the house-tops, all at least 25,000 persons turned a tender, eager and steady gaze upon our crowded ship. Oh, the heart that went out to us, with its sincere, constant heart of the whole city, that beat and thrilled with but one earnest prayer for us all.

For not a family but had sent its best and its bravest, not a family but had put much of its fortune and often more than all in the venture. The home was under mortgage—all these homes are, as a rule, for the light has been long and bitter here, as in the other cities during these long cruel years of hard times.

True, a ton of gold had come to this town, but it only intensified the situation, and now twice that was being invested in this and like mining ventures.

Tests, Sobs and Tears.
Of all last. All silent, who silent who so silent? But see, the handkerchiefs have gone to eyes! To, there are sobs; only a sound, and now the pent-up sobs must utter a cry or perish. It breaks forth all at once in a wild, wild shout that rocks the very walls and water. A cry that has tears in it. And we cry back, and then they lean, reach or spring into the air, anything to find expression, and the whole wide seawall and streets up and down and far back, and all the houses round about are white with white-timers of love, and heart and of hope, 25,000



The Poet and the Friend of the Indians.
Joaquin Miller and "Father" Duncan at Metlakatla. Drawn from photograph taken by the camera artist of the Journal expedition.

could be done as of old, but, as of old, I guess I have "podnars." We shall see as we go forward.

No news yet from the gold fields ahead. If we meet anything of the sort you shall have it if it is a bit reliable.

The postman on his way to the mines alone, has set out on the pass and over the mountains of snow at Skagway, the land-lord place five miles away. He will cross alone. So you see there is no need of my doing it to prove it can be done, and to prove the saying that the Klondyke is to place for a poor man.

MILLER AT JUNEAU.

The Poet Pioneer Tells of His Farewell and Voyage to the Frozen North.

On Board the Mexico from Juneau to Skagway, Alaska, July 30 (Via San Francisco, Aug. 13)—Three in the morning, and yet the clouds are taking fire over head from the bursting dawn in the north, and the snows of a thousand mountain peaks are flashing back the fire above us in such gorgeous confusion and contradiction that it were as if we had come into another world. We are now 2,000 miles to north from San Francisco, 700 miles now to the mines.

Here hangs Juneau, backed against and backed by glittering, glaring mountains overhanging snow, backed by all Alaska, and the plain Juneau should be written, Juneau, the North Pole, the Polar and a lot of other little things like that.

At here let us look into this, as the said to his wife when they went out to look at the moon and fell into the well, a name, Juneau, is pronounced plain Juneau, and plain Juneau it should be written. This Klondyke, too, is good honest Juneau, meaning plenty of fish, it is pronounced Klondyke, but it is spelled Klondyke, Klondyke, plain and straight.

Lovely Girl in Tears.
Men are packing up; great big men—

handkerchiefs in the air at once. Another shout, and another, but not so loud now. We are plowing the waters.

The whole city is blowing its steam whistles, and we can hardly hear our own in answer. We can only see the snowstorm of white handkerchiefs; it subsides now, a burst of snow in the wind for a moment. Again we know that the vast multitude is a sea of tears. Now again the white world of streets, of house-tops and sea wall, but we do not hear its shouts any more. And we know some of us will never see or hear that kindly city of heart and soul will ever to the end see anything so tender and loving and true as this dear, generous Seattle. God bless you and good-by.

FAIR SPECULATOR GOING.

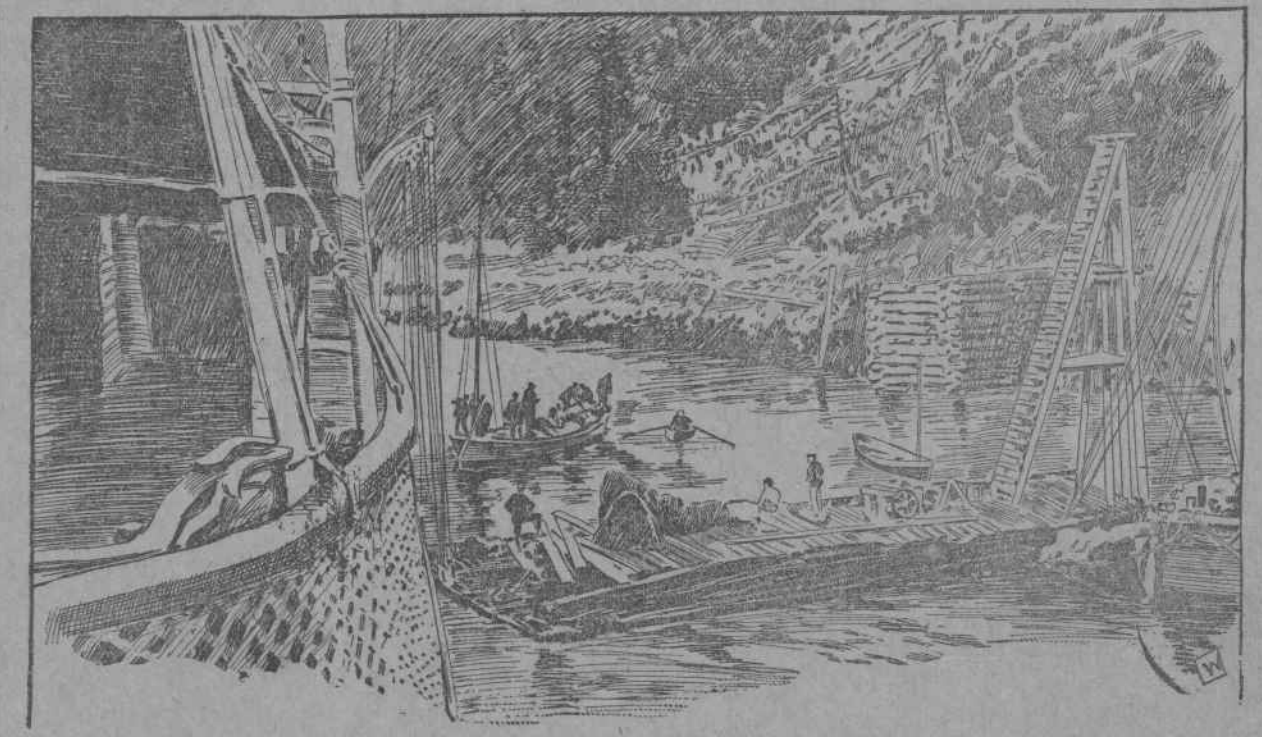
Miss King Takes to Dawson a Piano, a Saddle Horse, Three Dogs and Some Birds.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 13.—Notable among the 300 passengers to leave for the Klondyke via St. Michael's on the steamer North Fork, which sails Sunday, is Miss Blanche King, of New York. Miss King, who says she will speculate at the mines, came from New York two weeks ago, having started for the Klondyke in the early stage of the excitement. Her New York residence was on Forty-seventh street. She is a young and good-looking woman, rather tall and somewhat solid in build, and an avowed believer in comfort and luxury. She carries the most astonishing outfit that has yet been recorded in the Klondyke rush. Here are the principal features: Three sealskin costumes, several trunks full of clothing, provisions for two years, a colored cook, a maid, a piano, a pot saddle horse, two St. Bernard dogs, one spaniel, a parrot, four canary birds and \$10,000 in cash.

Will Speculate in Claims.

"I always travel that way," said Miss King. I would not go if I could not be comfortable, and I don't want to miss such an opportunity for investment. My plan is to buy interests in claims whenever I find good opportunities, and as I have done

WOMEN IN THE GOLD BLOCKADE. One Hundred of Them Camped on the Rocks with the Miners at the Klondyke Passes.



One Step in the Progress of the Precious Supplies.
Discharging cargo from the steamer Queen to light ers near the rugged slopes of Skagway, Alaska. The drawing is made from a photograph.

Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 13.—Four thousand persons are now blockaded on the Klondyke trails at Dyea and Skagway, Alaska. For three weeks past steamship load after steamship load of men have been unladen upon the high water level several miles upward toward the passes. Each tent houses from two to six men. Among the four thousand now camped there there are over a hundred women, who have decided to brave the hardships of the trip and accompany their husbands into the gold regions.

When the horses now en route arrive, there will be over a thousand pack animals at Dyea and Skagway, but it will take those animals four months at the very least to carry over the passes the hundreds of tons of freight now piled up. The men have made the final preparations to move our camp five miles up the trail, and before we start I am anxious to send you a

a great deal of speculating. I am confident of a very successful voyage. Miss King has paid a premium for the best apartments on the North Fork, and has bought tickets for her cook and her maid. She has also paid in advance for the transportation of her piano, horse, dogs and birds. All that troubles her is that the climate may be too severe for the canaries. She expects to return with several hundred thousand dollars. If the mines are as rich as they are reported to be.

"I will take \$10,000 to invest," she said to a Journal representative, "and I shall expect to make that bring ten times as much before next Spring. I have speculated a great deal in New York, and I hold some valuable stocks now. It is in a new and rich region like the Klondyke that the best opportunities are offered."

Will Be at the Prospectors.
"Being a woman, I am practically precluded from the opportunity of going into the mines to do active work in the way of prospecting, but with a little capital I think I can do better than the average prospector will. You see, a good many of the miners will not be able to support themselves while they are working on gold prospects. My plan is to help such men along by buying part interests in their claims and to take chances on the returns. If I can get small interests in a few rich claims, I am sure of a profitable venture, and I propose to make my chances as numerous as possible by buying only small interests; or, at any rate, by paying only small amounts of money. A woman can speculate in that way as well as a man; perhaps better."

Leggings for the Horse.
"Oh, no, I am not afraid of the cold. I like cold weather. I do not think 40 degrees below zero will be much worse in the Alaska climate than 20 degrees below in the East. All that I am worrying is that the cold may be too severe for my pets. I have driven my black mare, Hawk, for eight years in New York, and I am so fond of her that I would not think of going without her. I have had some very warm blankets made for her, but I am sure I will have her wear leggings. My St. Bernard will enjoy the cold, I am sure, and they will be the finest dogs on the trail. The point and the point is that they would not stand the cold if they had to be exposed very much, and unless I am convinced that they can be kept in good condition I will leave them here until I return."

Miss King's suitcases on the steamer North Fork are to be kept in the hold for the trip to St. Michael. The piano, which will be probably the first one on the Klondyke, is to be boxed up and stowed away in the hold, but will be kept in tune all the way to Dawson City.

The young woman who is going in such luxury to the northern mines says that there is genuine Klondyke craze among the New York women, whom she is acquainted with, and that many will follow her to the Klondyke. But she says that the craze of Miss King's expedition is not likely to be surpassed.

Mrs. Dimond, for the Dance.

Another passenger is Mrs. Carey Dimond, who lately separated from her husband at Honolulu. Mrs. Dimond, whose name is down as Carrie Hegley Dimond, is under engagement to take part in the amateur tournaments. A man named Bedy is mentioned as the manager of the enterprise. She is to receive \$300 a week and expenses, and is being advertised as the Klondyke vaudeville star.

The North Fork's passenger list is rapidly being made up. Mr. Tracy says that the steamer will be taken. He also declares that the steamer will sail promptly on Sunday, and he predicts that its party will get to the Klondyke as soon as the expedition that is already on the way. His expectation is based on the circumstances that no way stops will be made, that there will be no delay at St. Michael in unloading, and that the Mare Island will be one of the fastest steamers on the Yukon.

Ed. Bailey, an old newspaper man, arrived from Alaska. He stopped at Seattle on the way down. "In that city," said he, "there are at least 800 miners waiting to take part in the expedition. These men have not an average of \$30 apiece, and when they have spent that they will be thrown upon the city. The cheap hotels are all crowded and the reclining chairs in barber shops are in demand for those who can afford to pay only a few cents for lodgings. A number of young married men are accompanied by their wives."

"There is a matter not yet mentioned by the papers. It is the impossibility of keeping clean during the winter in Dawson. Women, stocked with all kinds of linen, lace, etc., will be surprised to find no change of underwear. They will have to wear the same shirts and coats all winter, without change. It is too cold to take them off, and there are no washing days. Fuel is too expensive to be used in boiling a pot of clothes. The cold is indescribably intense. Three feet from a stove one may

few lines by the Islander. Out of all the men who came here for the gold, and in many of them are already selling their outfits, preparatory to returning. These, I think, are wise, for it will be impossible for men to get in this Fall without horses. I think those who have horses will probably get along all right.

"The parties operating the mail trains on the trail have contracts ahead which will keep them busy for the remainder of the season. I wish you to impress on every one you know not to come up here until next Spring. In my judgment, it is the height of folly to think of leaving Seattle at a later date than August 15, with the expectation of getting through. It is wrong for the papers to talk as they do, for their talk is the means of sending a lot of people up here who are in no condition to go in so late in the season."

"I think many will undoubtedly camp here and wait until the snow melts and then try to make their way up. It looks now

shiver, and sometimes freeze, in furs."

Will Wait Till Spring.

During the past week the Klondyke fever has abated somewhat in this city owing probably to the discouraging reports received from Dyea.

There are plenty of people who announce their intention of trying the Chilkoot route in the Spring, and of those who are anxious to go at once a large proportion seem disposed to travel via St. Michael's and up the Yukon.

Promoters of expeditions by this route are ready with profuse assurances that the trip can be made before the closing of navigation, but in all cases they are careful not to bind themselves in any way to take passengers through this Fall. At the office of private correspondence, day by day that inquiry for tickets is diminishing.

WOULDN'T SAIL FRIDAY.

Superstitious Sailors Delayed the Departure of the Steamship Utopia for the Gold Fields.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 13.—The steamer Utopia, carrying 105 passengers bound for the Yukon gold fields, sailed for Dyea shortly after midnight to-night. She was ready to sail at 4 this afternoon, but her departure was postponed until the day was over owing to the proverbial superstition of sailors against going to sea on the 13th of the month, and especially when that date, as in this instance, falls on Friday. The steamer Utopia's departure was delayed against sailing on such an unlucky day. Besides her passengers and their supply outfits the Utopia carried seventy head of horses.

The steamer Utopia, which was chartered by Seattle's Mayor, Judge William D. Wood, for the Yukon trade, is expected in this port from San Francisco. She is the last vessel this season to attempt to deliver passengers at Dawson City by the way of the Lower Yukon. Grave doubts are expressed here as to whether her passengers will reach the gold fields this Fall, as the river has been known to freeze hard and fast in places as early as September 15. Judge Wood, who will resign the Mayoralty of Seattle in the forthcoming election, will submit a proposition to light Dawson City by electricity.

Stalled Miners Settling Down.

The steamship Akli is the next vessel due from Alaska, and according to her schedule she should reach Seattle to-morrow or the day after. The actual truth concerning the condition of affairs on the White and Chilkoot passes is gradually coming to the surface through the medium of private correspondence. Day by day indisputable evidence forces the conviction that hundreds of men already landed at Dyea and Skagway are unable to cross the divide this Winter, to say nothing of the greater number on en route or about to start.

Undoubtedly one of the most authentic statements regarding affairs along these trails may be found in the appended extracts from a letter written by Captain Harry K. Struve, ex-member of the State Legislature and the son of G. H. Struve, one of the foremost members of the Bar of San Francisco.

G. R. Swinehart, editor of the Juneau Mining Record, who recently passed over portions of the trail, says:

Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the trail over White Pass from Skagway remains uncompleted and is entirely impassable after Summit is reached. Yukoners who attempt to cross by this route to the lakes are obliged to return at a great expense to themselves and take the Dyea route. It is daily reported that the route will be completed in a day or two, but the facts are that its completion in time to reach the river before it is frozen is practically impossible. Yukoners should avoid this alleged route, as it is impossible to reach the lakes over it. As a matter of fact, three weeks ago no one had been along the entire route.

Enough has been ascertained to know that it lay across a ten-mile swamp, and in crossing it one horse became completely mired. Since then miners have taken the trail in hand, and after passing White Summit they are working a trail to the left, along the base of the mountain, in expectation of intercepting the Chilkoot trail. If they succeed in this, as they probably will, pack animals can be used along the other trail, and the distance is about five miles further than by the Dyea route. The country beyond White Summit is marshy and filled with

as though there would be a populous settlement at Skagway Landing, and in many of them are already selling their outfits, preparatory to returning. These, I think, are wise, for it will be impossible for men to get in this Fall without horses. I think those who have horses will probably get along all right.

Discouraged Men Selling Out.

"If our horses had not arrived on the Islander I had made up my mind to start a store this Winter, feeling confident that I would make money, because outfits and merchandise are cheaper here than you could purchase them in Seattle. Discouraged fellows who are turning back are willing to take almost anything for their outfits. The weather here has been very moist and rainy since our arrival. We have only had two good days."

Seward Peckfield, of the wrecked steamer Mexico, says Captain Struve was elected to command some 1,200 men who organized at Skagway for the purpose of completing the work begun on the White Pass trail.

small lakes, but it is impracticable, if not impossible, to float from one of them into any lake that is a part of Yukon waters. Captain Arthur A. Leary, Royal Artillery, the commissioner of the London Chronicle, arrived in Seattle to-day, being en route to Alaska for the special purpose of studying the conditions of affairs at the Dyea and



JOAQUIN MILLER AND THE ALASKAN SLED DOGS.
From a picture taken by the Journal's Expedition Photographer.

Skagway landings and the White and Chilkoot Pass routes.

DOG SKIN FULL OF GOLD.

Queer Receiptable for Treasure Used by a Klondyke Miner—Delirious Miners See Peaches Instead of Snakes.

San Francisco, Aug. 13.—The following letter from W. W. Curran, in the upper Yukon, was written to an old friend at Caspar, Wyo., and appears to-day in the Salt Lake Herald:

Mahoganyville, Upper Yukon, British America, June 25, 1897. Dear Friend: You will surprise the dear people at Caspar by telling them that I am worth \$75,000, and that next summer I will start back to buy up the town. Some people will want to kiss me when I get back who wanted to kick me when I left. I had a trip up here, but it is worth making. I am not what a man wants. It is the only place I ever saw where there is so much money. I have dreamt of seeing peaches as big as our pumpkins, and they say that when a man gets the treasure up here he is always surrounded by trees loaded with peaches, and that he is eating them. This is a hard country on a man. It will make a young man look old in two seasons. I have lost all my good looks. There are lots of Irish up here, but I am the only white-headed one yet.

You have heard of the golden calf. Well, I have something that beats that. I have a golden dog. A dog of mine died, and I have used his hide as a sack for my dust. I have him as full of gold as he was of meat. I sometimes lay my head on his body and dream of what I will do with my "dough" when I get back to the States. Maybe I will butcher him and give you and Shelly each a leg.

My partner has ten one-gallon syrup cans filled with dust for his share. I would have come home this Fall, but he wants to wait until next Summer, then we will both come together. He says he will be worth \$100,000. He came here, so you can know this climate is not as hard on a man as you would think. Peaches are big, and many die from it. The scurvy is bad, oh, but it does't kill many after all. If a man could have what

he wanted to eat up here it would not be so bad. You can dress warm and light off the cold, but it is hard to be hungry every day and get nothing to eat but things you don't eat. This is the first mail to leave here since last September. An Esquimaux will take this to St. Michael's and the cable car will go down there. I will get the letter by next Spring, anyway. If you want to come up here, send me a letter and I will tell you how cost more than what I pay for 100 pounds of flour.

My paper has run out, and there is no more in camp.

CANADA MUST BE PAID.

The Dominion Government Will Insist Upon Collecting Royalties Upon All the Klondyke Gold.

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 13.—The Dominion Government are fully determined to collect from miners in the Klondyke and elsewhere in Canadian territory on the Yukon. On that point there is no doubt. Arrangements are now being made to see that the royalty fees are collected.

Inspector Strickland, of the mounted police, left here to-day for the Yukon. He takes a detachment of police with him from Regina. They will go by way of Iliken, and across the summit to Lake Tagish.

LABORER WITH \$102,000.

Went to the Gold Fields as a Cook, Started Prospecting and Struck It Rich.

Seaford, Del., Aug. 13.—News was received here to-day from Seattle, Wash., saying that James McConnell, the husband of a woman who had washed clothes for the family of George Fisher, of this town, had returned from the Klondyke gold fields, bringing with him \$102,000, the result of two and a half years' labor in the frozen North.

McConnell was a poor laborer before he went to Seattle four years ago. He read in a newspaper at that time of the boundless opportunities the West afforded, and shortly after his arrival in Seattle he went with a party of prospectors who climbed the Chilkoot Pass to get into the gold region. Once in the gold fields he struck out for himself and dug out the big fortune which he has just brought back.

JERSEY HAS THE FEVER.

Two Mining Companies Incorporated and Men Already on Their Way to the Diggings.

The gold fever is raging in New Jersey. Two Klondyke mining companies have been incorporated under the laws of that State, and two Jerseysites have already started for the Yukon.

Sidney Cohen, of Caldwell, who until a few days ago was a clerk of a New York clothing firm, and William Arnold, a personal friend of Cohen and a former partner, started for the Klondyke yesterday morning. Their sudden departure was brought about by a letter received by Cohen from a friend who has just returned from the gold fields with enough of the yellow metal to keep him in comfort the rest of his life.

The friend of Cohen wrote that he still owned claims and, as he intends to return, invited Cohen to go along.

Clarke S. Jarvis, Hugh Quinn and George R. Moore, Jr., of Philadelphia, and Alexander Dues, of Camden, N. J., are the incorporators of the Klondyke Mining and Investment Company, which has a certificate of organization filed. The company is capitalized at \$1,000,000. Articles of incorporation of the Klondyke Basin Gold Mining and Development Company have been filed at Trenton. The incorporators are North Amboy men. The capital stock is \$100,000, divided into shares of \$1 each. The company will start business with a paid up capital of \$1,000, the incorporators having subscribed as follows:

low; Joseph R. Eoch, 333 shares; George Eoch, 333 shares; Augustine Ross, 334 shares.

FIELD COLLECTIONS SAFE.

Indian Skulls, Photographs and Relics from Alaska Were Not on the Ill-Fated Mexico.

Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 13.—The Chicago Field Columbian Museum scientists have turned up all right with three dozen cases of skulls, shibubones and photographs of the Indian totem worshippers of the Alaskan coast. When the steamship Mexico went down, it was currently reported that the collections and instruments of the party must have gone to Davy Jones's locker with those of the Columbia College expedition.

Dr. Henshaw, the assistant curator of the museum, wants the scientific men of the United States to know that he has lost nothing. The boxes of bones and ancient tools, and the land of gold ore safe on route east over the Canadian Pacific, and the valuable collection of notes on Pacific coast tribes, which he has been collecting for six years, were not lost he reported, but are more complete than ever, and will form the basis for the greatest work on anthropology ever published.

MOQUI SNAKE DANCE NEAR

Medicine Men Announce the Date. Queer Religious Rites of the Arizona Indians.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 13.—The chief medicine men of the Moqui Indians this

A Panorama of New York.

Between the foot of West Twenty-third street and Jersey City much of the shipping trade of New York is handled. The river and wharves are filled with animated scenes. They would like a picture to the passenger on the decks of the Pennsylvania Railroad's Twenty-third street ferryboats. The ride is full of interest and at its end are the splendid trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad leading, wherever—Adv.

Easily Accessible to All Central

This is the Pennsylvania Railroad's Twenty-third street station. Its location is central to the great hotels and the roads under the law. The Pennsylvania Railroad is efficient and prompt. Fifteen to twenty minutes' ride suffices in the majority of destinations—Adv.

morning announced on the reservation near Holbrook, Arizona, that the annual snake dance would take place on the 19th and 20th of this month. The date of this event is never given out until about a week before.

It is the great annual religious ceremony of the tribe, no other people being known to practise the rites, which consist largely of hunting and playing with rattlesnakes. The reptiles are enraged by being pinched and bitten, for the dancers even hold them in their mouths, and the snakes respond by striking their fangs in the flesh of the dancers. The latter, however, by reason of potatoes of a secret herb made by the medicine men, suffer no ill effects. A number of people intend to make the trip from here to witness the spectacle.

NEGRO CAUGHT AT LAST.

Man Hunt Lasted Three Months and the Assassin of a Young Girl May Be Lynched.

Medina, N. Y., Aug. 13.—After a man hunt, that had lasted since May 20, Frank Holcomb, a burly negro, who had attacked fourteen-year-old Clara Rhodes, was caught to-day. He is to be taken to the Batavia jail, but there are rumors that he will never reach there alive.

Clara was alone in the farm house of her mother, Mrs. Joseph Rhodes, when Holcomb entered. He was half drunk, and a desperate struggle followed, but the girl managed to break his grasp and fled toward a neighbor's.

The negro followed, and a wild chase over the fields resulted. Neighbors saw her, however, and Holcomb turned and ran into the woods. Gangs of men scoured the country to lynch him, but he kept out of their way until to-day.

WILD MAN SHIPPED AWAY.

Farmers of Canaan Paid His Fare to Europe for Fear He Would Begin His Depredations Again.

West Winsted, Conn., Aug. 13.—The wild man who terrorized the populace throughout this State three years ago, and was captured one night in his hut in the mountains bordering Canaan, and later sentenced to two years in State prison, returned to his old haunts last week, his sentence having expired.

At the time of his capture, he subsisted on what he could steal from farmers, and was seldom ever seen during the day. No one ever knew his name. When captured his body was covered with hair, and he resembled a monkey more than a human being.

Upon his return to the Canaan Mountains, last week, he began to threaten the farmers who appealed against him at his trial. A meeting of the frightened farmers was held Monday, and it was decided to pay his fare to Europe, providing he would leave the country never to return. George R. Lorrain found him in the woods, made the proposition, and he accepted it. Lorrain and the wild man left Canaan together yesterday for New York City to purchase his ticket and put him aboard the steamer.

CENTRAL WON'T PAY UP.

Trouble Between the Railroad and the Park Avenue Commissioners Over Laborers' Bills.

There is a disagreement between the Board of Commissioners for the Park

Central and Hudson River Railroad Company. It is over the refusal of the railroad company to pay bills for labor audited by the Commissioners. Commissioner Ernest Harvier has sent the following advertisement to the local papers:

Watchmen employed on the work of the Park Avenue improvement for the week ending July 6, whose bills have been paid by the New York Central Railroad, will be advanced the amounts of their respective claims on application to Ernest Harvier, No. 1193 Broadway, Gilsey building.